LEFT

TO

THINK!

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Tuesday's Closet

Given the choice to take it or toss it,
many a bone is stashed in my closet.
And when Tuesday rolls up my bedroom stairs
we'll scurry in to search through its wares.

I've jumbled, jingled, jangled things;
velvet nights and alligator wings.
Some raggy tag dreams
from melted star beams.

There's a bagful of tears
saved from peppermint years.
Loves famous first loss,
wrapped warm in cool moss.

Oh I've wonderful, cradled, disastrous stuffs;
battered boasts and blinded bluffs.
And life's silverest strands
have flown warm in my feeble hands.

Tuesday's Closet
November 30, 1976
Tenth Issue, 140 copies

This is the semester finale. You will be greeted by several new and exciting writers.

If we want it, this publication can continue next semester. I would like to see this magazine become the project of a group. Also, biweekly would be a better approach. Kharlee' and I will work to promote these things for next semester. Strive for confidence in yourself, and trust in others. Thanks. Wagner

The 8:30 class

zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz
zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz
tic toc tic toc tic
toc tic toc tic toc
ring 8:00 click zz
zzzzzzzzzzzz 9:58
OH NO!

Kharlee'

How soon we forget

Remember me, I am the one who gave you m&ms'
because I couldn't afford Russell Stovers'.

Remember me, I am the one who gave you glass
because diamonds were definitley impossible.

Remember me, I am the one who gave you dandelions
but in my heart I knew you deserved better.

Remember me, I am the one who is too shy
to be so bold.

Remember me, I am the one you forgot...

Kharlee'

Teach me to come alive,
I said,
Pondering my part in the play.
My acting's become so very good,
I know just what to say.
But living-ness is so obscured
Til I throw away the script,
And trade for spontaneity
The former rote of it.
Still, for originality
I find no words at all,
My sickness is its symptoms,
Read the writing on the wall,
Quote learned observations
All perceived by those before,
For to speak my soul in true-self lines
Might reveal me so much more.

Steve Sexton

Delicate Balance

Suspended by a thread
Straining, stretching
Balanced on quicksilver
Hovering, hesitating
Reaching for safety
Wavering, weaving
Fighting for control

If you lose your grip
Can you control your fall?

Lizzie

Drivin' along in my Super Beetle,
Happy and singin' a song,
Drivin' along in my Super Beetle,
Why don't you come on along?
Oh we can take a tour
Of the countryside,
Or maybe you would much prefer
A city ride,
Just drivin' along in my Super Beetle,
Happy and singin' a song.

Now going somewhere in my Super Beetle
Has really become quite a thrill,
Just sailin' along in that Super Beetle
With never a worry 'bout hills
For I take them easily
Without a tug
Like some magic genie
On his floating rug,
Just sailin' along in my Super Beetle,
Happy and singin' a song.
Happy and singing a song!

(Words & Music by: Steve Sexton)

skates
decorated, shining
stopping, twirly, gliding
be careful you might fall
kerplunk!

--by 'nia'

The Perfect Date

She left a piece of her soul
Twisted in a plaid muffler
Tossed round a neck below
A craigy, Byronic face
Topped with windy curls.

She lost a piece of her soul
On a velvet tongue
Which softed t's
Within ruddy cheeks
Above an argyle sweater

She let a part of her soul
To yellow eyes
Humbly downcast
Beneath a shuck of straw hair
Pushed back by yellow oilstained hands.

She was parted from a piece of her soul
By electric hands
Quick and vibrating high voltage
From broadcloth, buttondown shoulders.

Now she is pieced and peaced:
Souless, she is at peace.

Mary Ruth Herzon

Through your friendship I have grown as a person.

Through your belief in me I have learned to believe in not only myself, but other people.

Through your trust in me I have received the self-assurance to accept responsibility.

Thorugh your generosity I have learned not only to give objects but also parts of myself.

Thorugh your persistence I have learned to pursue a challenge and a dream.

Through your constant hard work I have learned how to work, accomplish, and see the accomplishment.

Through your patience I have learned to wait, think and do- each a step at a time.

Through your joys and your sorrows I have learned to sympathize and feel.

Through your sense of tact I have learned to suppre words and actions which may cause more harm than good.

Through your love I have learned to love.

Through your being I have become a better, more complete person.

Thank you.

Satan's Regression

Listen to me- Pay attention now!
You call yourselves adults yet
you slide back in your chairs and
pretend I am not here.
What's the matter? is it your past or is it even now,
that you're trying to seclude?
By God, it's only me; (the Devil...)
Why frightened of the one you follow?
Your unnatural state of sophistication
has slowly melted you to this.

Mark my words with respect-
I am speaking from experience.
Straighted up with interest for your sake.
You have driven me to laughter at yourselves-
you are as I was;
So mighty was my portrait,
and so little you see me now.
I cut myself to pieces when I defied my God-
you are in the process...

As I tell you mark my words.
People be good to them,
give your hand, give a damn-
Otherwise, my fellows...
You shall be as I.

Take time...
to listen, to the children laugh
to listen, to the harmonies of the wind
to listen, to the quietness of night
to listen, to the ideas of others

And maybe someday you'll
see what your life is all about.

Sis

Once while all alone
euphoria came to rest,
it came upon myself
and settled in my chest.

I really needed to know
what it was doing to me.
If I let it stay
could I continue to see?

Blinding as it may be
I see her drawing near,
floating about me so
her voice I need to hear.

You know how things are
when euphoria comes to haunt
small at first, then bigger
this girl I've come to want.

Come to me my beauty
and place your hand in mine.
Walk with me forever
until the end of time.

JR

rain
wet, shiney
dropping, splashing, sliding
soft, clear - frozen, white
floating, falling, sticking
cold, damp
snow

--by 'nia'

Absurd

Hey! have you heard

That really living life
  is rather absurd

You enter crying
  with never a word

Then begins the laughter
  and play

Not aware of death
  the time of day

Suddenly and accidentally
  someone close will die

So quietly, so sorrowfully never
  to say good-bye

Tears and Hate enters
  with a woe explanation

Entering understanding given
  with time and patience

That life can be either
  short or long

Now comes reality surrounded
  by dreams

So as we grow up let us always
  remember and choose never to forget

That dreams are for fools who
  sleep to forget.

Kharlee'